out of gear every now & then
Poor Penny has taken such
a beating these past few
days without complaining
Sturdy fellow that little
Hoosier grown out of the stone dust.
Looking back up at the peaks it
seems incredible that man
could engineer a road up to
the top of those barren-looking
heights.

6[15] Reached the foot. Back
in Manatou Springs there's
a former cog wheel engine set
up in a small park. Stop while
Edgar Robt take a look & Lois
& Prent hold conference on next
lap.

160

Put up at the Sander Terrace
Court Cabins - Very nice
over looking the Garden of the
Gods. Took 2 double cabins
split up in 3's. Ours looks
back up on Pikes Peak Range
Mileage 160 —

Supper - same place as this noon
Prop. tells us about roads,
Auto Races up the Peak, &
coffee they serve up there
Water boils at such low temp.
that you can stick your finger
in it when boiling. Edgar Robt take
a video of Toy RR.

8[30] Dark already! Set up
to get a whole pile of
post cards off bed at 10[30]

July 6th

5:40 I am up & wake up everyone else. Re pack & have a chance to do some skelchis, but my pencils aren't sharpened!! Adelle obliges for me.

7 On our way to breakfast we Garden of the Gods. Into the large massed rock I sketched from opposite that sticks out of the earths surface. From the other side they just up pink and orang against the clear blue sky. Balanced Rock a fake - now cemented down. Cathedral Rock the pinks. The road to Colorado Springs winds thru the rocky valley floor. Much sagebrush & cactus growing.

8½ Leaving Colorado Springs after one of the biggest breakfasts I have eaten so far. We played a Bonnie Baker record for Brent which he didn't even hear. Heading out across the fair flung mesa now, the sun clear and warm. Yesterday must have been too exciting for Robt. the poor kid had rather upsetting night

Road construction. We don't understand why they should spread the tarred dirt on top of

the concrete, scrape it off, spread it & scrape it again. But it must be the shoulder. Country side getting drier. Sage brush & Christmas tree cactus. A strange little animal tries to cross road Abt. the size of lg. squirrel, lg. fore feet, rounded head, rat tail. Soon quite desert now. except for trees following a half dried up creek. Enters Pueblo, a steel city, the biggest co. run by a woman. Strange to see in this dry section with such green lawns & trees kept with sprinklers. Bigger than Ed. Spr. Out on the flat range. Miles on end of flat dry land, scalloped on the rt. by the tall mt. range & left by more guess. Rent mentions Cloudburst in Texas say washed-out houses, not washed out houses. Robt. asks Adelle if she wants lead poisoning & goes Bhrrrr! Scrub cedars populating the yellow earthed knobs. Mesas also edged against the sky with it. We have passed numerous families traveling in trucks, one had a covered wagon top. Sand mounding up as we cure around them. A spectacular mt. range straight ahead. rising like a wall before us.

Sangre de Cristo Range
14500 ft.

The sun is quite warm + its going to be hot before long. Those nuts shoeing party passed 3 buffalo + 2 bear in the town of Greenhorn Big fellas, too. Open country now where the tractors in the cultivated fields raise clouds of dust. We're all glad to chew gum to keep our whistles wet. Playing Geography again. Interesting to see the timber line on the mountains + the long line of the mesa steps. A strange high rocky small ridge produces out of the flat land

A horse + colt are air cooled in a trailer truck. More gas 85h. 66 thirteen. A beautiful cat in a parked car cried to be let out + loved. Out on the open stretch heading over to the mountains now. Not when we stop to take pictures. This stretch is beautiful as we pass down an aisle of wild mustard, straight across + into the hills. Old Baldy rears up in pyramid shape to the right. Drilling for oil + many mines. Des Lake little mining village. Old Baldy as we approach seems to be

N.M. Sp. Peaks

So Veta Pass

Slightly all loose rock. Cooler now as we wind around thru the walled Pass. Town of Mule Shoe Cloud patterns slide across the mt. sides. Circling the narrow narrow gulch we climb another curving mt. road beautifully surfaced. Kent say. He gives Esfan the easy ones. Lots of Aspen trees. A lumber camp. Up over & down gradually myriad greens on the slope slopes ascending either side of the road. Russell, about 4 poor weather beaten shacks stacks. We were wrong about Old Baldy because here it is now to the right sticking a stern head above the others. Kent says the hills here have the green measles. We don't wonder the trees are so little, few & far between when you observe the dryness & rockiness of the soil. Little animals must be prairie dogs sitting up curiously on their haunches. Only signs of civilization are the miles of fences & the road, not even any cattle. I'm writing this on a barbed wire fence as more pict. are being taken of Old Baldy & Sierra Blanca. Its so cool & nice here, soft breeze

Beautiful mesa sounds so flat, but it is. Picked some sage brush which is very spicy & pungent. A mesa of mesa, says Trent. Warning sign up for cattle rustlers, but I think they would have to rustle a great deal before they ever found cattle in this wilderness. A real cowboy punching cows, sans snappy outfit. Woops! on got away going opposite direction. Thru the town of Ft. Garland consisting of adobe houses. We saw in process of being built. Cowboy pitching horseshoes, all people so poor & worn looking. Lots of prairie dogs scampering along road shoulders. One sitting up beside dead mate. Table flat land for miles, but mts! always reaching straight up from edges.

A mirage! across the hot dry ground, a lake appears & beyond trees edging the shore. Not to clear but very amazing. The road straight ahead looks very wet & silvery. It must be the heat waves. Passed a couple sitting atop their car painting in this hot sun. Now we can see there are trees over there but no water. Soil looks-

ing more & more sandy. Lois respect for prospector mothers grows per mile. White patches a alkali. Have been going at a steady 60 for hours. Never saw horses lying prone in the east, even the colts do it here. Nearing Alamosa where we'll try to find lunch. Cross the Rio Grande R.!

1 - Rolling again after being amazed at the size of the town. Grand Cafe where we had lunch must have had a choice of at least 25 kinds of meat on the menu. I had pork spare ribs & candied yams. The former flavored with sage. Delicious! Just outside of town the Alamosa airport where hangars made out of adobe brick. A baby cyclone or twister! Circling across the flat land in a long high column looking more solid at the base where it has gathered up the dust. Quite a sight! More strange formations of soft crumbled looking rock nothing but the sturdiest of grass stubble growing on the whole ridge. We would

juniper (cedar scrub)

call it a range home. But the further into dwarf. Its amusing to see the grass growing on the bare roofs. The sky now rich in cloud effects with heterogeneous patches of blue sky peeping thru. The forests of aspen on the rich sides make a rich pattern of lt. gr.

20th Entering Rio Grande Nat. Forest. Its a pleasure to get into a park again, no commercialism, rounding roads, clear streams. This heads to Wolf Creek Pass another place in the Continental

5d

& in. Beautiful! Massive stone ramparts. All different kinds of pines & silver birches right up to the mt. tops. The sun shines down on the rocks levels ahead making irregular steps rich purple in shadows Thru the canyon now rich in growth. In places the stream pushes politely along, others it churns over rocks. Truly a lovely spot The road now gravel. The vertical patterns of the tall spruces More drives up into the sky but this time the road is plenty wide, not so scary. Uf, of mountains

the timber line which is not so clearly defined. Just before the Continental Divide a good sized woodchuck sits up on roadside edge eyeing us curiously. Leaving down now at a great rate in 2nd Only occasionally do we meet other cars. The little parks (patches of grass on spring) a such pure green. Suddenly a small waterfall comes out of its hiding place behind the rock. Deep V-cuts, grass lined seven the mountain opposite. Those ahead are that rich blue I have come to know. Lots of falls spotted here & there. The view of the valley floor as we stop is rich & wild looking. Above to the right rises a stalwart mt. whose face is half bared to show the rock strata. Looking straight down (the chimney) a man who stopped also said a Buick lost around this curve at 80 & went right on down a 85 ft. drop. & lived! Incredable! The floor below is laid out like a formal garden with the grass patches, the symetrical groves of tall cedars & the circular turns of the stream

clover makes

Edgar & kids drop stones down starting minor abalanches. We pass a small truck loaded with merry go round horses & pulling a trailer feeling away, & he's only just started. This side of the pass is definitely a steeper drop. A whol family of beautiful horses grazing peacefully. We pass between the high mountain portals that mark the entrance to that little hidden valley. This side of the Divide seems to get most of the share of rains & moisture. Sometime back we left Rio Grand Forest & entered

330

San Luis Forest. Dandelion fluff as big as an orange. The horses grazing are magnificent beasts! They seem so congenial & affectionate. Stopped for gas at Pagosa Springs, meeting our daily shower. This is a real western town. Attendant says it rains here nearly every p.m. & plenty cold in the winter 35°-50° below. All the children passing by are Indian. The mts. grow big around here. These have sharp peaks. Squalid Indian cabins, dirty children. Straight ahead now is a mt. with a huge straight